The Varied Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

A SPELL OF INACTIVITY.

Off on An Expedition After Game Fowls.

A WILY OLD PREACHER.

Cupid Shoots at Lan and Job Enters the Ring.

BY JOHN M'ELBOY, Author of "Andersonville: a Story of Southern Prisons"; "A File of Infantrymen"; "The Red Acorn"; "Reminiscences of an Army Mule,"

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LETTER XVII.

CAMP SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WEIGHT GOES IN SEARCH OF FIGHTING COCKS-A MATTER SETTLED ACCORDING TO THE EULES OF THE RING.

CAMP DEFIANCE, NEAR LEWINSVILLE, VA.,)



EAREST MOTHER: Are you not fearfully citeration in the papers of "All Quiet Along the Potomac"? the folks at home All of you come along." think of us? Do you imagine that we are struck with the lazy paralysis, or that we we, Cad?" are afraid to meet the

We fret over it a good deal, but that is all that it amounts to. debasing and cruel." for the powers that be do not seem to be disturbed by it.

"President Lincoln expected great things | gun and come along." of this regiment," grumbled Job Cartwright far has been the destruction o' grub and blunderbuss and jine the procession." blue clothes."

"Yis," chimed in Quin, "and in kapin' pose," Lan reiterated firmly. man in gray long before this, so Oi did." -

some important news, which he doled out to sist of us, and he supposed they would be polite | so's to be on hand if I'm wanted." as carefully as we have been doing."

getting more anxious every day for some- anv. thing to be done which will look like bringing this thing to an end before we are all gray-headed.

portunities to improve the fare of our mess | much circumspection and our guns cocked. der a big oak, and at other times in a tent. russet leaves. by the London P. R.

flan that disturbs a meetin'. You hear the than we had done yet. meller trill of my bazoo, fellers."

the time he is off duty. At night he plays game chickens. his opinion with money, and generally wins. say."

One day, hearing Lan Green say that he was anxious to get some hymn-books distinctly, and Job broke out into a rapture. for his Sunday-school, Job offered to contribute for the purpose a \$10-bill which he standing feller there-the red one, with the had just won on a foot-race with a champion | black breast and white tail and wing-feathfrom Co. B, and was astonished when Lan ers. Ain't he a beauty, though? Weighs angrily declared that he would not touch five pounds, if an ounce, and can lick anywith a pair of tongs money won by gam- thing in the State of Virginny, for money.

bling. good horse sense. You'n me and the rest've him, and git away with that Company B got to look after him mighty close, to see crowd."

that none o' these sardines takes advantage

If it is a dispute he backs up Job's assertion our appearance by rushing out at us with a with a stout affirmation of "Divvil a word of lie there is in that. Nivver did a man shpake truer," and so on. If it is a match he helps second Job's champion, and get fair play. If it is a fight he can always be relied on, and his brawny fists strike out as porch. She looked at us with indignation quickly and certainly as Job's.

Web Dallas occupies his leisure moments | dogs charging and bellowing about us. in carving out of an inch pine plank a long



mers, pincers, anchors, muskets, etc., all skilfully fashioned. Cad Briggs sits and watches him admiringly, giving what help he can and a volume of praise.

Yesterday morning as we came off guard "Boys, I've got a scheme. Did you hear that rooster crowing out on the hill last

"Well, I'm as sure as I'm alive that there rooster's a game bird-high-bred. I'm going out there to get him, to clean out that rooster What must you and them Co. B fellers are blowin' about so much.

> "I'll go," I said, eager for anything that would break the monotony of camp-life. "So'll we," assented Web Dallas. "Won't

> "You're mighty right," Cad chimed in. "I'll not go," said Lan, "for any such purpose. I regard chicken-fighting as brutal,

"O, don't be a dumbed mollycoddle," said Job irritably. "Stop preaching, git your

"Nah, don't be a paygrane monkey wid a a day or two ago. "All our great things so blue tail," added Quin; "pick up your

"No, I'll not take a step for any such purour skins whole. Oi expected that Oi'd have | "Well, then, we'll go without you," said

a button-hole worked in me hide by a jintle- | Job. "But you ought not to go back on us. We may want you. There's no telling but "The prospects are, too," said Lan Green, we may run up against a gang of rebels, who, having been Orderly at headquarters when we'll need all the help we can get." the day before, had come into possession of This was an appeal that Lan could not re-

us in small portions, so as to get the utmost | "I'll not go along with you to get a fightappreciation of it, "that this thing will con- ing-cock," he said. "I'll have no part nor tinue through the Winter. That is the way | lot in anything so brutal and wicked. But if Gen. Baldy Smith talked to the Colonel yes- you're determined to go, and there's a chance terday. He said the orders were strict that I'll be needed to help you against the about disturbing the rebels out here in front guerrillas, I'il follow a little ways behind,

enough to go on attending strictly to their "Fix it anyway you please, old feller," own business, as long as we attended to ours | said Job cheerily, "so that you come along." Ezra Grimsted got us a pass, and we Job grouned and swore, and I think the started out, carrying nothing but our guns rest of us did pretty near the same thing. and cartridge-boxes. I took along my can-We are not hungry for a fight, but we are teen, to get some sweet milk, if we found

After we passed the picket-line, we loaded and capt our guns, and as we advanced scanned the hills and the valleys carefully We have settled down to a dull routine, for signs of lurking rebels. None was to be with one day just like another. We have a seen anywhere, but there were possibilities good deal of spare time on our hands the of ambuscades or bushwhacking in a steepdays when we are not on guard, and each sided, heavily-wooded ravine into which the one puts it in according to his individual taste. road meandered, half a mile away. Its I am pegging away at my algebra, and man- dense paw-paw thickets and cavern-like age to read a few pages of Blackstone occa- bowers of luxuriantly-growing vines seemed sionally. Herman helps at the regimental appropriate lairs for skulking riflemen, and bakery, and in this way gets frequent op- we approached and passed through it with

by baking meats, beans, pork and beans, etc., But, so far as we knew, the only eyes that in the great ovens. Lan assists the Chap- gazed upon us were those of a quiveringlain in conducting the meetings which that lipt rabbit, which regarded us from the gentleman holds on Sundays and occasion- roadside for a minute, and then fled away ally through the week. Besides, he has a with such speed that his bunch-of-cotton Bible-class that meets on pleasant days un- | tail seemed to make a white streak over the

Some of the roughs in Co. B tried to break On the summit of the hill, a half-mile up these gatherings, but Job and Quin heard from the farther edge of the ravine, stood a of it, and restored order by inviting the substantial farm-house, the one at which ringluaders to a little entertainment in a 24- Job expected to find the game-cock whose foot ring, according to the rules laid down crowing had electrified him the night before.

The country was open and clear to and "I ain't any great shakes of a Christian beyond the house, and the outlook so peacemyself," Job proclaimed, "but I can just | ful that we let down the cocks of our guns, knock the head offen any unregenerate ruf- and went forward faster and more carclessly

Job appeared to dismiss all thought of Job is as restless as a fish out of water all rebels from his mind, and be intent only on

cards whenever he can find a game going on "They surely have blooded chickens anywhere, and in the daytime wanders up there," he said. "See that flock out in the and down, getting up foot-races, jumping, field there. That shows it. Game chickens wrestling and boxing matches, trials of always feed farther from the house than the strength, etc., among those who make any common kind. They are bolder, stronger and pretense to athletic powers. He is always more adventurous. I'll just bet if I can git finding someone who he thinks is a cham- hold of that chicken I heard crowing last pion of something or another, and putting night he'll tear the head offen that Compan. him against the best man that some other B rooster in one time and three motions, as company or regiment can produce. He backs | that son of Belial who is our Colonel would

We came near enough to see the fowls "Yes, sir; there he is now. See that high-Just look at them shoulders and breast, will "Do you know?" he confided to me a you? Did you ever see finer ones on a bird? little while afterward, "I think there's some- Now, the thing's to git him. If the F. F. V. thing wrong with Lan up here " (tapping | who owns him won't sell him for a decent his forehead)-"vacancy in the upper story; | price, dumbed if I don't steal him. If love rooms to rent that should be occupied with or money 'll fetch him I'm going to have

faithful coadjutor in all his performances. deep-monthed grayhounds-gave notice of rose in their cheeks.

neighborhood. the door and stept thence to the edge of the

Their leader, a large mastiff, rushed directly at Job, who quickly shifted his gun to his left hand, and putting out his right with the swiftness of a flash, caught the dog by the nape of his neck and flung him over the box-hedge into a thicket of rose-bushes. The brute howled dismally as the keen briers tore his hide, and in his struggles to extricate himself was hurt more and more.

The rest of us fixed bayonets and prodded the dogs which came near until they retired and sweet as honey in the comb." yelping. "What do you Hessians -you hirelings -

want here?" the young woman called out. "There's nothing here worth your stealing. there were two or three. They'd run the licked and lose your money. If I was you I'd whole pack of you off the place, and they wouldn't have to be much men either. What do you want, anyway?"

"Don't be scared," said Job soothingly. We won't hurt you. We ain't molesting women and children."

"No, nor men neither," she answered scornfully. "Leastwise, you didn't at Manassas nor Ball's Bluff. I'm not afraid of you, but my poor old mother's in the house alone. She's powerful weak and nervous, and gets scared at nothing. You'll alarm her. What do you want, anyway?"

"I want to buy some game roosters," answered Job. "I want that blooded fellow out there in the field. What'll you room of the family, a large apartment, with take for him?"

"Roosters? Well, that shows you are a Yankee. Gentlemen call them game-cocks." "Call 'em what you please," returned Job, so long 's you sell 'em to me reasonable. more like him?"

"Out buying chickens, are you? I thought you looked familiar, in spite of your blue awfully hard and uncompromising, sat against clothes, as soon's I laid eyes on you," she sneered. "Used to peddle down through here, didn't you? Yankee peddler? Yes, I remember you now. Old trade sticks to you yet, though you are playing soldier. Want butter and eggs, too, as well as chickens? Beeswax, ginsang and mountain-ash berries? What've you got to trade for them? Needles and thread? Notions and tinware? Where's your wagon?"

I should be sorry for a man that would than kind and gentle to a woman. His face got red, but he answered politely:

"I'm not trading or bartering now, but paying cash. What'll you take for that rooster there, and a couple more like him?" "I'm not selling anything to the likes of

you-invaders of my country. You can't buy one of those chickens from me, though you offered his weight in Guinea gold." "Wait a minute, daughter; don't be so

fast," called out from inside the house a feminine voice, somewhat cracked. "Ask the gentlemen if they've got any coffee with

The young woman looked confused, grew quite red in the face, seemed angrier than ever, and appeared on the point of answering her mother sharply. At that moment the mother herself appeared on the porch, and surveyed us with faded-out eyes. That they were mother and daughter was apparent at a glance. The elder was what the younger would be after 25 years of wear and tear. The mother's tall, slender form was clad in a plain but neat calico gown, and a white handkerchief was folded about her threat and crossed upon her breast.

"Samantha, ask the gentlemen if they've got any coffee ?" she repeated in an anxious

The mastiff which Job had flung into the with pain, struck her heavily in his rush. She tottered, and would have fellen forward to the ground had not Lan, who had just come up, seen it in time, and, springing for-



SAMANTHA AS A PEACEMAKER. ward, caught her in his arms and tenderly supported her until she recovered her balance, when he assisted her to a chair.

"You are not hurt, I hope?" he asked anxiously. "No," she said, with a wan smile; "only shaken up a little. Towser's as big as a calf, and he'd knock a man down if he

struck him fairly, let alone a weak old and is destroyed." Samantha sprang to her mother's side, but you're really a minister o' the Gospel you've large but very shapely hand. I noticed that profession. Samantha's face changed its expression when

We approached the house by a graveled hands accidentally touched both seemed for an his tongue. If his bite was equal to his bark of his ringing, mellow tenor, and she came in walk bordered by strong-smelling box. A instant as if they had received an electric shock. he'd be a deadly terror. But it ain't. To hear with animation, their voices blending exquis-Quin is Job's constant companion and score of dogs-among them a half-dozen countered each other earnestly, and the color thought that at the first minute he'd start out

> clamor that should have notified the whole though she's got a tongue like a razor, I must the edge of the sword, hewing him to pieces rebel army at Fairfax of our presence in the say I haint seen a finer-lookin' girl since we before the Lord in Gilgal. But until to-day left Cohosh."

> A tall, handsome young woman came to had recovered a little, "you haven't asked the you'ns he saw coming up the road he got out and defiance, and said nothing to check the conquered.

able to get any. Have you any with you?" "We left our haversacks in camp," said Job, but we can go back and get you a lot."

"I'll let you have the chickens for some coffee," she said, "and sugar-real New Or- mother. "She's a red-hot Presbyterian, as her leans sugar, if you've got it." "That we have," affirmed Job; "A No. 1,

The elder woman's eyes lighted up with

commissary brand, brown as a dead oak-leaf "I'd much rather have it than the chickens," she continued. "I don't like them. The

Elder's been pointing out the wickedness of them. Says they drag people down to hell. I'd rather someone else had them." "Yes," assented Job; "game chickens are There's no men-folks to fight. I only wish | mighty wicked things-especially if yours get

much rather they'd drag someone else down to burnin' brimstone than me. Let us have 'em." "You're only Yankees, and it don't matter if they do," she asserted. "No, indeed," said Job, heartily.
"I only wish they would," said Samantha,

recovering her savageness. "If they'd help you along to where you belong I'd cheerfully give them all to you, and hunt around the country for more." Lan looked at her with a pained expression,

whereat she blushed again. "Let's go into the house and talk it over," said Job.

The women had not invited us in, and they looked decidedly alarmed at the proposition, but this was lost on Job, who bolted in, and the rest of us followed. I was sure I heard hasty footsteps as we entered, but when we got in the room was empty. It was the sittinguncarpeted floor of hard, smooth boards, and a generous, open fireplace at one end, in which a wood fire was burning. Split-bottomed rocking chairs were gathered about this, and in one corner was a bed with a valance of green calico covering the part from the ticking to the floor. On the wall was a big mirror, in a beveled What'll you take for him and two or three | frame, of veneered maliogany, and in similar smaller frames were colored pictures of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler and Buchanan. A wooden settee, looking filled the air. We set our guns in the corners made by the fireplace, and disposed ourselves in the chairs. Though the house lacked immensely of the comfortable appearance of the homes we had left, it was a haven of delight compared to | Job admonished him. the camps which had lately been our dwelling-

"Let's to business," said Job, after we had become settled. "I want three of the best roosters you have, and I'll give you twice their value in sugar and coffee.'

"I don't know much about their value. My husband, who's dead said gone, was a gentle day taunt Job that way. But he is one ing his game birds. But if you'll give me a that nothing can induce to be otherwise good jag of coffee and sugar you can have man, and never thought of such a thing as selling his game birds. But if you'll give me a sponded Mrs. Lomax with animation. "Make

"It's a whack," said Job. "We'll go right back to camp and git you the provisions, I thought the younger woman looked re- as a kitchen, scolding and ordering the negro lieved at the thought of us all going away, but afterward her glance rested on Lau. "No use all of us going back," he

one 'll be enough.' "That's so," I assented, for the freedom of the outside of the picket-lines was very at- since leaving Cohosh, we lounged about in

"Yes, one 'll be enough," said Job. "All our mess's rations, which we drawed this morning. are there in the tent, and he can get as much as | tha, who was standing by the window near me.

we want without any trouble. and the rest of us settled ourselves to wait for | with which she encountered his eyes, it was his return, while Mrs. Lomax, which we not unwelcome to her. She had changed very found out to be the elder lady's name, dis- much from the sharp-tongued vixen who conpatched a negro to catch the chickens for us. I was turning over the leaves of an old book, The Life and Adventures of Gen. Francis Marion, by Peter Horry," when we were all I am one myself." startled by hearing Herman say excitedly:

"Gott in himmel! wass iss dis?" He had gone over to the bedside to look at a picture of "The Drunkard's Progress," hangng above it, when his toes struck the foot of a man concealed under the bed. Herman raised the valance, revealing two good-sized brogans filled with unmistakable feet. He caught hold of one, and springing to his side I grasped the other. Together we hauled out a tall, roundshouldered, middle-aged man, who, to impede his compulsory withdrawal, grasped vainly at various articles stored under the bed, and brought a miscellaneous collection of plunder with him. None of it helped him, and when hard time of it with the shouting Methodists, his head appeared we took him by the shoulders and stood him on his feet. The first look at creed. The Elder there is one of the worst of rose-bushes dashed on to the porch, and, wild | his face undoubtedly had a strongly sanctimonious cast, and it still retained this, though it was white with fear, and he trembled as if with the ague.

"Who are you, and what was you doing under that bed?" demanded Job. "O, merciful Heavens! save him! spare him!" implored Mrs. Lomax, whom the disturbance had brought back into the room. I that the situation was not wholly unpleasant like him still less."

Who are you? What was you doing under that bed?" demanded Job still more sternly. "O, he's done nothing in this mortal world. He's a regularly-ordained minister of the Gospel," entreated Mrs. Lomax.
"Let him answer for himself," said Job.

"Again I ask you who you are, and what was you doing under that bed?" The man seemed dumbfounded; he answered not a word.

"Who is he?" I asked Samantha in an un-"He's a local prescher-Methodist Church South," she answered in the same key. " just hate him. I'm Presbyteriau. He's one of the vexingest men that ever lived. Narrow and domineering with women-folks. Been preaching bloody war and extermination to the Yankees, and now, at the first sight of real live wild ones he rans and hides under the

bed. I'm almost glad you caught him." "Who are you?" demanded Job once more, The man at last seemed to find his tongue. "Sister Lomax 's fold you. I'm a minister o the Livin' Gospel. I'm called the Rev. Ichabod

"What was you doin' under the bed?" "Sir, the Good Book says, 'A prudent man forseeth evil and hideth himself, but the simple (meaning by that the foolish) pass on and are punished. This staggered Job an instant, but he came

but the righteous is as bold as a lion." "True; but the Book also says, 'The wise man feareth and departeth, but the fool rageth. "You're gettin' too deep in the Scriptures for me; I'll bave to call in Lan Green. But if

"Yes; but I've also read in the Good Book that 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,

her eyes rested on Lan, and when his and her | ingly. "He's perfectly harmless, except with | call, Lan let out his voice to the full compass

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They recoiled, straightened up, their eyes en- | him talk long before the war begun, you'd 've | itely as they sang: with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon "Smitten, by thunder. Love at first sight," and never stop till he'd mow'd a swath right whispered Job to me. "Lan's a goner. Well, through to Washington and put Old Abe to he's never ventured near enough a Yankee to and full as French horns, and Web and I with "Samantha," repeated the mother, after she | see him without a telescope. The first one of gentlemen yet whether they've got any coffee." | that old shot-gun there, and says, 'I'm going There was clearly a struggle in the younger to conquer or die a glorious martyr to my woman's mind between pride, hatred of the country's cause.' Then he saw two or three Yankees, and filial affection. The latter at last | more o' you'ns following, and he came back into the house, stood up the gun in the corner, "Mother's not at all well," she said apologet- and said, with a sigh, 'Alas, I can't fight the cally, "and she's powerful fond of coffee, whole world. It's folly to struggle single-She's been much worse since she's not been | handed with the hosts of Apoliyon,' and | more singing. After a little debate the grand

crawled under the bed." "O, Samantha, how can you talk so against Elder Skillet?" remonstrated the mother. "Why, mother, you know as well as I do that it's the Gospel truth."

"Don't mind her, gentlemen," pleaded the father was, and she dislikes the Elder, be-"Because he's a shouting Methodist, for one



"My mother's a Methodist," said Job, more softly than I had ever heard him speak before; "an' I'm sure she's the best woman that | ness. Her eyes opened at once, and she gasped ever drawed the breath o' life. I'm obliged to joyfully: say that I don't do credit to her teachin'.' That's because she belongs to the Methodist the wall, and pungent orders of drying herbs | Church North," said the Elder, whose self-assurance was rapidly returning. "I don't count them real, genuine Methodists. They're bogus, and Abolitionists, every one o' them.' "Keep a civil tongue in your head, sir,"

> An idea lightened up Mrs. Lomax's troubled "Gentlemen, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll treat the Elder and the rest of us kindly, I'll get up a real good dinner for all of you." 'Will you?" said Job, his eyes glistening.

conrecives at home, and I'll have the victuals | I was mightfly scared." ready as soon as the wenches can cook 'em." She bustled out of the door, and we heard her high voice in the outbuilding that served women about putting on the pots and kettles, cutting meat, mixing bread, and making other | are you wenches doing here! Why ain't you in proparations for the meal. Calmed and com- the kitchen tending to the cooking? I expect forted with the pleasing anticipation of the first good, home-cooked dinner we had had restful attitudes, and interested ourselves according to our several fancies. Presently I noticed Lan move quietly to the side of Saman-His face showed admiration very plainly, and Cad Briggs finally volunteered to go back, if I could read aright the frank, bold glance and shouted: fronted us on the porch a short time before.

Lan said, with a sunny smile: "I heard you say you were a Presbyterian,

"New School or Old?" "Old; true-blue Presbyterian." "I'm so glad," she answered, taking his hand, "I supposed all you Yankee Presbyterians had gone over to the New School. "No, indeed. I, at least, cling to the pure

orthodoxy of my fathers." I am sure he squeezed her hand about this time, and she did not appear to dislike it. "I am glad to know you," she said, suffering her hand to remain in his. "There are not many of us Presbyterians left here any more. Most of them have gone over to the Methodists. Those of us who remain faithful are having a room was filled with the smoke. who abuse us continually, and slander our him showed him to be a preacher. In repose the lot. He says all the mean, hateful things about us that he can lay his tongue to." "Yes, I know how those ranters talk, They make out Calvinism to be nearly as bad as

interested in him?" "O, he's converted her. She never was a born and bred Presbyterian-she was raised a tha, stalking between us, like Minerva between Baptist, and joined the Presbyterians after she | the Greeks and Trojans, "go somewhere else to married father. She's going to marry the do it. Don't do it here in the presence of my looked at Samantha. She did not seem to Elder next month. I'm opposed to the match. sick mother and me. Have you no sense of share in her mother's alarm. I rather thought I don't like him. I don't like him anyway, decency, Jeff Lomax, that you storm into our plank road, and the bridge over Gravelly

"Can't you break off the match? A ought to have the right to say something about the man who is to be a second father to her." " Hardly," she answered, with a smile. had nothing to say about the choice of my real father, though if I had had the whole world to | to step outside, we'll finish this matter there." choose from I couldn't 've found a better one. But mother is of age, and I'm not her guardian. She owns one of these farms in her own right,

get her. He's been singing " Not a foot of land do I possess, Not an acre in this wilderness. all his life, and he's grown tired of the tune." No appropriate answer to this occurred to Lan, and he picked up a book which lay on the | dead faint.

stand near them. "I see you have one of the new Hymnals here," he said. "Yes, Cousin Jeff brought it with him from Richmond the last time he was there." "Indeed?" replied Lau, turning over the

he began humming: Strength for to-day is our only need." "Is that so?" she asked eagerly. "Why, that is the one that I like best too.' Encouraged, Lan sang in a low but clearlyaudible voice:

"Strength for to-day is our only need.

As there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will be but another to-day, With its measure of gladness and sorrow." Yielding to the impulse, she joined in the chorus with a clear, flute-like soprano:

"Strength for to-day, strength for to-day;
Ask, it shall be freely given.
Strength for to-day in the journey of life,
And rest everlasting in Heaven." We all applauded, but in the midst of it my ears detected the click of a gun-lock. I looked in the direction of our guns, which were standing in the corner by the fireplace, and saw the too late to do more than help Lan seat her in a nothin' to fear from us. We won't hurt a hair | Elder in the act of turning his back to them chair, and to caress her face tenderly with a o' your head; we've too much respect for your and straightening up. Before I could think what it meant the boys began calling for Lan "No, don't harm him," said Samantha mock- and Samantha to sing on, and I united in the

"Strength for to-day, that our previous youth May be saved from sin's wily temptation: May be able to stand like a bulwark of truth, Firmly built on the Rock of Saivation." We all joined in-Job with a thundering

bass, Herman and Quin with baritones as rich such voices as we had-in swelling the chorus: "Strength for to-day; strength for to-day." At the conclusion we applauded vigorously, and showered compliments on the two leaders. Again I heard the click of gun-locks, and

his back on the guns and straightening up. half formed the idea of going over and questioning him, but was diverted by the call for old "Coronation" was decided upon, and we made the walls ring with-

"All hall the power of Jesus' name; Nations before Him prostrate fall.

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all." At the conclusion I thought of the Elder, and looked around for him, but he was gone. A suspicion flashed into my mind. I ran to the back door. Sure enough, there was the Elder, mounted on a powerful horse, disappearing on

I called Samantha to me. "Where is that man going?" I asked ex-"From his pace I should say he was going to leave the place," she answered with provoking

the gallop into the woods beyond the fields.

calmness. "I only wish it was for good." I turned to call Job, when piercing screams came from the kitchen, and Mrs. Lomax rushed toward us, screaming:

Save me! O, save me!" Her calico dress was in flames, caught from the open fire. Behind her ran the negro women, screaming and wringing their hands. Quick as a thought Lan snatched his overcoat from a chair and wrapt it around the blazing skirts. Job was beside him with his almost at the same instant, and I followed. The flames were speedily smothered. She sank into Lan's arms; he carried her to the bed, and laid her tenderly upon it. Her eyes closed, and her head fell back limply. Samantha ran to her side, and | criticism of other intelligent and observing began chafing her hands.

"She has fainted," said Lan, as we unwrapt the coats. "But she cannot be badly burned, Samantha was working hard to restore consciousness, but without apparent success.

had just got back from camp, and was loaded of the grand movements then in progress. with haversacks filled with coffee and sugar. The former had been reasted within the hour, and was still sending forth its rich aroma. The room was filled with its stimulating incense. The grateful odor struck the swooning woman's nostrils, and she drew a long breath, as if to fill her whole being with its craved luscious-

'O, there's some coffee! How good it is!" "Yes, mother," said the delighted Samantha. "It's coffee-real, genuine coffee, and no mistake. I'll have you a cup in less than no time." She took a handful from Cad's haversack and ran to the kitchen. In a short time she returned with a fragrant cup, which she tenderly placed to her mother's lips. Mrs. Lomax sipt it eagerly, and with each sip seemed to gain strength. Soon she sat upright in bed, and took the cup in her own hands.

you?" Lan inquired solicitously. No," she said thoughtfully. "I don't feel "If you will I'll be as good to him as if he was | that I am. I recken I was more scared than my own brother. It's a whack," hurt. But I'm sure you gentlemen saved my "It's a bargain, if that's what you mean," re- life. If you hadn't lear as thoughtful and quick as you were, I'd 'a been a dead woman.

> "It was enough to scare anyone," replied Job sympathetically. "I was badly scared myself. It was a close call. "Dinah! Chloe!" said Mrs. Lomax, resuming her sharp tone of command. "What

now. Go out there right away, and see to it. Samantha, you go and see. I'll be there in a minute. I declare-There was a rush of heavy footsteps on the porch, the front door was flung open, and 10 men in shabby gray uniforms and carrying

muskets, bolted in, leveled their guns on us, "Surrender, you Yankee hounds." At the first sound of the approaching feet we rebels were in we had ranged ourselves with our backs to the wall, confronting them.

"Me sowl, if that isn't Jeff Lomax himsilf." said Quin, leveling his gun at the leader. blazes," shouted Job, dropping his gun to a level with Lomax's breast and pulling the

was no cap on his gun Startled, we each looked at the nipple of his musket. There was not a cap on one of them. The Elder had done his work well.

At the same instant Samantha ran in front of the rebels and threw up their guns. Three of them were discharged as she did so, and the bullets strack in the ceiling. The We took advantage of the distraction to cap

"You must not fight here! Cousin Jeff, stop this at once," she commanded. "You must not kill each other here. It'll kill mother. Have you no mercy on us? Jeff, I say it must stop." Romanism. But what makes your mother so his example. We brought our muskets to a "If you men want to fight," continued Saman-

and his being a shouting Methodist makes me house in this way? Why didn't you meet the Run on this road had been destroyed by the Yankees somewhere else?" The Elder told us they were abusing Aunt "Tildy and you," said Jeff Lomax sullenly, "I

don't want to fight 'em in the house; I'm perfeetly willing to go wherever they will. If you men (addressing Job) will have the kindness "Set your time and place," said Job, "and we'll be on hand," "They weren't abusing us," stormed Samanand that's what makes the Elder so anxious to tha. "The Elder lied to you. They were treating us as well as they knew how. They've

> ing to death, and now you'll give her a set-back that may kill her. See there! Mrs. Lomax had sunk back on the bed in a "I'm sorry we scared you so, Cousin S'manthy," said Lomax. "We don't want to make

> trouble in your own house for you and Aunt

just saved mother's life. She came near burn-

"Tildy; but-"I ain't skulkin' behind no weman's petticoats," broke in Job. "We ain't askin' a cent leaves. "O, here's one of my favorites," and o' odds of you nor your crowd, here nor anywhere else. We'll fight you anywhere or anyhow that you can mention. I'm good for you and another one the best day you ever saw." "Yis, and be jabers, so am Oi," echoed Quin.

> mantha imperatively. "Pll not have you harming these men in any way "-with a wave of her hand toward us. "They are here as our guests. You mustn't touch 'em while they are here." "That's infernal nonsense, S'manthy," said Jeff Lomax with rising anger. "They're scoundrelly Yankees. We can't let 'em go."

"Don't talk about letting us go," shouted Job,

"I'll have no fighting here," reiterated Sa-

raising his guu. "Talk rather about us lettin' Samantha planted herself before him and threw up his gun. She reiterated her com-

mands still more imperatively. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Lomax, if that's your name," said Job at length. "I'll compromise with you."

(Continued on 3d page.)

Gotten Credit For. HARD NIGHT MARCHING.

Of Greater Importance Than it Has

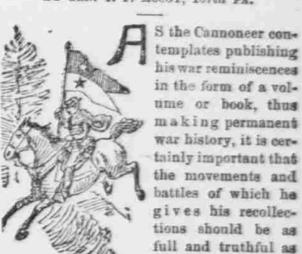
again looked around to see the Elder turning | Drums not Allowed Because of

the Nearness of the Foe.

A REMARKABLE BATTLE.

Movements Which Attracted the Attention of the World.

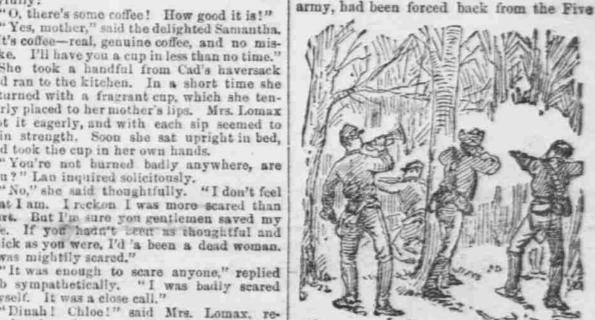
BY GEN. T. F. MCCOY, 107th PA.



templates publishing his war reminiscences in the form of a volume or book, thus making permanent war history, it is certainly important that the movements and battles of which he gives his recollections should be as full and truthful as possible. Knowing

this he frankly invites corrections and the comrades.

The battle of the Five Forks was of greater for her woolen petticoats have protected her. | importance to the success of the Union cause See, they are not burned through anywhere." | than it has ever gotten credit for. It was a complete victory, a ten-strike in the crisis Cad Briggs came bolting into the room. He of time, when it was essential to the success The army had extended its lines irregularly around Petersburg for perhaps 30 miles, fighting going on at intervals for three days previous to the battle, and things looked more gloomy than encouraging. Sheridan, with his cavalry, on the extreme left of the



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY KEEPING THE ENEMY BUSY.

everything's burning up. I smell 'em burning Forks on the afternoon and evening of the 31st four or five miles to Dinwiddie Courthouse, and feeling the peril of the situation called upon Grant for a corps of infantry. Grant's headquarters were near Dabney's Mill, and nearly 10 miles from Dinwiddie, where Sheridan had been forced. Meade's had sprung to our guns, and by the time the headquarters were within a mile or two of Grant's and four or five miles from Warren, and Warren was about the same distance from Sheridan, and his corps being on the "Yes, we'll surrender, you whelps-like left of the infantry line was the nearest to Sheridan, and this was the reason that contrigger. The hammer struck with a sharp, me. | trolled Grant and Meade in ordering the Fifth tallic snap, but no discharge followed. There | Corps to the help of Sheridan in his then perilous situation. It was highly important not only to render aid to Sheridan, but that the enemy in his front should be forced back as promptly as possible. Otherwise our flank and rear would have been threatened, and the whole movement against

Petersburg seriously endangered. Great difficulty was experienced in the movement of the troops to the aid of Sheridan. Heavy rains had fallen during the two previous days and nights. The streams were Lomax lowered his gun, the others followed | torrents and the roads swimming with mud and water, and to add to the difficulties the night was as dark as nights ever get in the woods and swamps of Old Virginia.

The only practicable way of reaching Sheridan before morning was by the Boydton



SHERIDAN GIVING WARREN HIS ORDERS. enemy. The run at this time was a rushing torrent, and could not be forded by the troops. It required engineering talent and skill and hard work, besides, to make a way for the passage of Ayres's Division over the run, as his division had been ordered at about 11 o'clock at night to report to Sheridan. Griffin's Division had been previously ordered on this duty, but the order was countermanded, as it was found that Ayres's

Division was in a condition TO MARCH MORE PROMPTLY, and this at the time was regarded of essen-I was looking earnestly, not to say excitedly, tial importance. In view of the great movements of the different divisions this was a